Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whoſe within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to ſup with me to night.

Exit Yorke.

One. I will my Lord,

Exit.

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fiſt, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this laſt flight?
But as I caſt her off the winde did riſe,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in theſe ſilly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloſter, how hye your hawke did ſore,
And on a ſodaine ſouc'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it pleaſe your Maieſty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre ſo well,
They know their maſter ſores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a baſe minde,
That ſores no higher then a bird can ſore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to ſmoothe it thus with King and Gommonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men ſo hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing ſo good a quarrell, and ſo bad a cauſe?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorſhip.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy inſolence.

Queene. And thy ambition

King. Ceaſe gentle Queene,
Lords to wrath, for bleſſed ar

Card. Let me be bleſſed for
Againſt this proud Protector

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I

Card. Euen when thou dar

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Prie
the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as w
Gaunt.

Hum. In baſtardy.

Card: I ſcorne thy words.

Hum: Make vppe no factiou
perſon meete me at the Eaſt

Card: Here's my hand, I wil

King: Why how now Lords

Card, Faith Coſin Gloſter,
we had had more ſport to day
ler.

Hum: Gods mother Prieſt

Card: Protector, protect th

King The winde growes hig

Enter one crying

How now? Now ſirra, what

One. And it pleaſe your G
to S. Albones, and hath recei

King Go fetch him hether,
him.

Enter the Maior of Saint A
ſicke, bearing the man
two

King: Thou happy man, gi
For he it is that thus hath hel
Where waſt thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* plea

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